When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Chiki, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Custoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE KICKER.

It Pays to Know What You Want:-Two Cases in Point.

I admire the kicker. I admire him even when he theoretically kicks me. I have long held that the man who undertakes to walk through this world with meek and humble spiri, will get regularly flattened out and broken in two at least once a On the contrary, whoever saw a chronic kicker who didn't live on the fat of the hand and have a front seat every-

Thirty of us, men and women, were dumped out on a platform at a railroad junction in Illinois to wait twenty-five nutes for the other train. It was cold and rainy. There was no fire in the depot stove. There was only one smoky old lamp to see by. The twenty-five minutes slipped away, but there was no train. A quarter of an hour later I rapped at the ticket window. The depot agent, who was also telegraph operator, was in his stall inside, and after a long delay he opened the sash.
"Is the train late?" I asked.

"If it isn't on time then it's late, isn't it?" he replied in a surly manner.

"How late is the train?"

"Well, find out." He slammed the sash down on me, but I knocked until he raised it again and demanded in an ugly voice what in Davy

"I want to know about that train. It's your business to ascertain and post us. It makes a difference whether we have to wait here one hour or three."

"I don't take orders from passengers!" he cursly replied as he lowered the sash

Three mimites later the six of us who had revolvers stond in a line and fired a rolley into his house just above his head. Up went the sush, and he called:
"Wh-what is it?"

"It's about that train!" "It's an hour and a half late!"

"Oh! it is? What about the fire in the sitting room?" "All ready, gentlemen! Takeaim; ff"-

"Good heavens! but what do you mean?" he shouted. "We want you to build a fire. Either come out or we continue shooting!"

He came out and started a fire. He also eleaned and lighted two lamps. He also got us a pitcher and showed us a barrel of new cider, and his interest in our welfare was something touching. He kept us posted on the train every fifteen minutes until it arrived, and it was plainly evident to all that he had resolved to turn over a One night at a hotel in an Indiana town

the mosquitoes came into the window in such clouds that I had to get up and dross. Next morning I said to the landlord: "I will pay you for two meals, but not for lodging. It was your duty to have

provided against any nuisance that might make me uncomfortable, but you did not "But you'll have to pay," he replied. "I

shall bold your baggage."
"Then I'll get out a writ of replevin." He attached and I replevined. Then we had a lawsnit. It cost me four days' time and forty dollars, but I bent him on the

point I had ressed. He called me a kicker and a mean man, and warned me never to come to his hotel again, but he also went and got mesquite bars for every bedroom window, and all future guests got the benefit of my kick.-M Quad in New a creature of his fancy; but there were

The First Snow. The ten-year-old son of a Harlem mun was booked to recite a poem at a Sunday school festival. The young man had con-tracted a severe cold in his head. As near as we can remember it, this was what he

THE PERST SDOW. What are those beautiful thigs so bright, That fall ad fall as if rose leaves light:

Like billiods of tidy birds at play? Far id the south, we dwelt, by dear,

Doe trees are bare and ice wide blow How log will it fall? All dight! Oh, seel

It hides the fedses, it covers the tree. Oad earth be dyig, ad this is the pall— Babba, it frightnds be-o'er us all? Twill fall ad fall, through the dight so still. O'er field ad forcest, o'er vale ad hill, Till all, by child, in the bording light,

Seeb wrapped up forever id shroud of w'itel
"is't God who does id;" the awed voice said:
"Will sprig return, or"— At this point the child took pity on the shricking audience and speezed - New

Peter, who goes to the public school, is not by any means a had boy, but he is heedless about his lessons, and seldom obtains any prizes or rewards.

One day, returning home, he were a pleased sort of expression which filled his mother with hope You haven't got a prize today?" she

"No," said Peter gleefully, "but I cam-

within one of it!" What! Do you mean you were next to the head por

"Oh, not but the boy who sits in the see with me, he got the prize, you sen! Youth's Companion.

Politoness and Bentism. "I am at your service, ma'am," as th burglar said when the lady of the houseaught him stealing the silverware. Texas Sir

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands-we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed of a

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done,

Scorr & Bowns, Chemista, 132 South 7th Avenue, Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of conditiver oil-all druggists everywhere de. \$1.

NYE, THE HUMORIST.

E. J. EDWARDS WRITES OF ONE WHO ENTERTAINS US.

Bred to the Law, the Most Charming of with the Country in Laramie, Wy. His Literary Career-His Home.

Copyright, 1862, by American Press Associa-[Mr. Nye telegraphs the editor from Asheville, N. C., that he is poinfully, though not dangerously, ill there, and will not therefore be able to furnish his usual letter this week. Occasion is therefore taken to offer the readers of this paper an appreciative aketch of the humorist from the pen of Mr. E. J. Edwards.]

About twelve years ago there began to appear in different newspapers exmie. Wy., the name of which was alleged to be The Boomerang. The sketches were delicious, but for a long time many of those who enjoyed the humor of them were very doubtful about



the existence of a newspaper with such a seemingly absurd name. However, it began to be understood that a new humorist had arisen and was located on the windy uplands of the northwest, and that his newspaper, The Boomerang,

as well as his humor, was genuine. Thus, ten years earlier, through the medium of the exchange editor, the numor of the Daubury News man, which appeared in a little weekly which he owned, became of great repute, and the droll sketches and dry wit of Burdette in a similar way were brought to public view. The Laramie Boomerang man, Burdette, Bailey, Artemus Ward and the first of all that giorious race of numorists, John Phoenix, won the approval of that great class which is the strength of the country and which has but little time for other reading than that which is furnished by the newspapers. These men became popular with the masses, and some of them won not only fame but fortune thereby.

Of course it was asked who this genius of humor of the Wyoming uplands was, and the papers began to circulate a rumor that his name was Bill Nye, and that he was a relative of a man who had won great repute, not only as a statesman, but as a fun lover and maker, the late United States senator, Jim Nye. Of course every one wondered whether the Bill Nye who was writing, with that spontaneity which is the basis of all genuine humor. The Boomerang sketches was also the Bill Nye whom Bret Harte had immortalized in his "Heathen Chinee." Harte's celebrity had before this been supposed to be a myth, nany persons in the east who felt sure that the Bill Nye of the poem and the Bill Nye of The Boomerang could be no other than one and the same person.

It was many months before the public knew that Bill Nye was a nom de plume, and that this genius of humor was burntized Edgar Wilson Nye; that he was born near the pine forests of Maine, reared on the frontier of Wisconsin, was bred a lawyer and had ventured as far as Laramie while a young man that he might practice law or grow up with the territory in any way that offered. He had actually become an officeholder, having been elected a justice of the peace. His office brought him small honor and much misery, but it also gave him, though at the time he little suspected it, a rich fund of experience which is now serving him in drama and higher literature and is giving delight to his almost countless readers.



When the public found that Bill Nye was a nom de plume (which was really forced upon him), almost everybody still clung to the impression that Mr. Nye was a near relative of the distinguished senator who represented Nevada in the United States senate during Lincoln and Johnson's administrations, yet the only reason for such an impression was a similarity of surname and a reputation for the capacity to make humor. Those who saw Senator Nye in his prime, and who have also been fortunate enough to take Bill Nye by the hand, must have felt, however, that the only kinship between these two men was their capacity to say those things which give people

Nye, the senator, was a man of medium height, of jolly rotundity. He had a full, moonlike face, something like that which Cruikshank depicted to represent the countenance of the immortal Pickwick. He was one of those men whom it tions, so that in the course of a year or made one jolly even to look upon. Fun | two he was in receipt of an income of seemed bubbling over his lips even when over \$10,000 a year. There were times he was quiet, and murth constantly smiled from his eyes. Yet this Nye was what Bill Nye never was and probably never can be-a successful politician with the thought that he was giving in

win had won as the wittlest speaker upon the hustings Nye maintained after Corwin passed over to the majority.

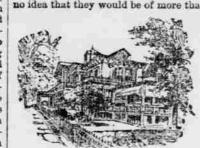
Bill Nye has been and is everything that Jim Nye was not, excepting that the two men possessed a common surname and a common gift of bumor. The Nve of the newspapers stands six feet in his upon the parting of Jim Nye's curly hair. Bill Nye is of pale complexion: Jim Nye was ruddy. Bill Nye until re-cently was of such slender build as made his height all the more conspicuous; Jim Nye was rotund, unctuous and in his later days almost flabby in his fleshhair, and he was said to greatly resemble the famous actor, Fechter. Bill Nys has made humorous capital by reason of his baldness, and that peculiarity and tracts which were said to have been enabled the caricaturist to suggest a copied from a journal published at Lara-likeness to the original. Nye himself in countenance really does not closely resemble these caricatures. They merely suggest the man as he is.

Since Nye's popularity has become universal wherever the English language is read, he is no longer compared with any man, and no one tries to connect his peculiar and delightful ability with relationship to any distinguished

Very many documents of Nye's life literary mannerisms. He really de- of our literary men. serves more serious treatment. His popularity, which seems undimmed; his great pecuniary successes and his recognition of late by those who have been more than a history which is a mere jest.

has been said of one qualification, which must have brought him success sooned day the attraction of gravitation was or later, and that is his business capac- under discussion, and Charley Beale volity. It is remarkable. No other hu- unteered the opinion that he "didn't see morist excepting Mark Twain has re-vealed such a gift. John Phoenix was "It seems to me." said Charley, notably improvident. Had Artemu Ward possessed Nye's business instincts | earth attract things. Now when the and his moral fiber he could have earned' apple fell, and made Newton think out a fortune in a few years, and other hu- the reason, why that apple might just morists who have won some fame have as well have staid where it was till done well if they have been able to make somebody gathered it." a bare living with their pen.

Nye, however, has the business instinct as a native gift, and he has cultivated it well. When he began to write his sketches for The Boomerang he had no idea that they would be of more than



local interest, nor in fact did he realize the humor that was in them or its market value. He simply reported things in Laramie as he saw them, not understanding that his mental vision and his capacity to reproduce it on paper was of such peculiar nature as would gain for him fame, would create in the popular mind a demand for a constant supply of it, and would therefore have pecuniary

value. He, however, realized this when, to his intense surprise, he found that his sketches were appearing in every newspaper in the land. He had an indistinct idea at once that if these things were worth reprinting they were worth paying for. They brought him nothing but fame in Laramie, and there he received they used to be."—Texas Siftings. far less appreciation than anywhere else. Fame in that town was not money, and

The Boomerang gave up the ghost. Nye had determined that it was his duty to cultivate this talent, because he saw in it an opportunity to gain, at least, a fair support, but while he was turning over in his mind the course best to pursue, he was brought to death's door by an attack of meningitis, and when he was recovering from that he was the victim of a cyclone which had its way with him, blowing him hither and thither, and finally depositing him on the sod with a broken leg and some fractured ribs. This of course brought him to a halt for awhile. While convalescing in the south he wrote an exquisite sketch, accompanying it with a picture which he draw and sent it to the New York World rather timidly. That paper instantly printed it, and forwarded to Mr. Nye a proposition to join its staff.

His business instinct served him well on this occasion. Nine men out of ten would have been only too glad if they were situated as he was to form a staff connected with The World upon terms proposed by that paper, but Nye was wise. He felt that it would be a dangerous thing for a humorist to go to New York city. He doubted whether such a person could maintain himself there, and he believed that the chances were that in the whirl of newspaper life, and especially of a newspaper conducted at such high pressure as is The evening? World, the humorist would be stunned, his work would become forced and artificial, his identity would be lost and he would sink to the dead level of the aver-

Nye therefore determined to make a proposition to The World himself. He went offering business, not seeking any employment the paper might have to He did not expect that his offer would be entertained, but to his surprise it was. He was engaged to write de plume, to be subject to none of the my dear. What is it? restrictions or discipline of the office, and it was common report that he was to receive \$5,000 a year for this undertaking. This shrewdness of manage ment unquestionably saved Nye from being buried in that mighty wave of literary endeavor which produces anonymously the best in our daily newspapers. It revealed that Nye was as strong in business as he was great in humor, and from that time on his pathway has been

one of ever increasing prosperity. His fame being established, he was able to make other newspaper connecwhen Mr. Nye felt some sadness that his reputation should be merely that of a literary jester, but he consoled himself His humor served him well, for he made necent delight to thousands, was prouse of it in such effective manner upon | viding well for his family and also with the stump that vast throngs flocked to the hope that in the future he would be hear him whenever he was announced able to win a more critical reputation is st I to speak, and the fame which Tom Cor- | higher literary endeavor.

also when he entered the lecture field. The work is hard and dreary and entails prolonged absences from a most charming family but it pays well. His profits are commonly reported to have been as high as from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. so that in the past four or five years Mr. Modern Jokers Decided to Grow Up stockings, and could have looked down Nye's income has equaled that of the greater lawyers, has been as large as the individual profits which many bankers and merchants have received from their business, and has been equaled among literary men probably only by the income of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. He has ventured into the drama, aliness. He had a splendid crown of curiy though he is not a dramatist and must a dollar and nifty cents. - New York Herever rely upon those who have dramatic ald. instinct and experience to make his plays fit for stage representation. He has also conquered the literary set, and his spectacles and beardless face have is now furnishing a series of articles for one of the leading magazines.

Mr. Nye's life, however, is in his domestic circle, and it is no wonder. His money to do it, but I'm bound to square wife, a charming woman, is just the up once in awhile."-Medina Gist. helpmeet for such a man, and with his four children he is as much a child as any of them. He lives in luxury in a beautiful place on Staten Island, and has also a residence at Asheville, N. C., where he is now convalescing from the effects of the recent accident from which he suffered in Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Nye has barely entered the prim have been written. Most of them are of life, being in his fortieth year, and it flippant and many of them are feeble his present prosperity attends him to imitations of the humorist's peculiar seems likely to become the wealthiest E. J. EDWARDS.

What a Chance! A clever teacher who has the power called the arbiters of literary fame in of calling out originality in her pupils this country entitle him to something says that she should certainly have no time for the use of text books if she at-In all the accounts of Nye nothing tempted to answer all the startling questions asked her in the class. One

teacher.

what happens?"

"But if there were no action was ward the earth it wouldn't fall. Don't saies spells. you think that might prove inconven-Charley did not answer immediately.

His eyes were bright with the light of a "Myf" he broke forth involuntarily.

"What a chance for a home run!"-Youth's Companion.

Discouraging. Mrs. A .- What did Charles have to

say about the theater last night? Mr. A .- Not much of anything, except that the house was papered. Mrs. A.-Mercy! Paper the house while the performance was going on? I should think it must have been very dis-

Mr. A .- It was-to the box office .-Boston Transcript. Tempus Fugit. "Johnny, how many hours are there

in a day?" asked Colonel Yerger of his

son Johnny, who is attending lectures at the University of Texas. "Twenty-five hours," was the reply. "What has become of the other one?" "What has become of the other one?"
"I don't know, but I heard the teacher
"HE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY say the days were one hour longer than

An Old Settler.

Lord Nobby (to Nevada Nick)-Y must 'ave lived 'ere a good while, eh? Nevada Nick-See that mounting thar? That was a hole in the ground when I



Insinuating Photographer (holding photographs in hand)-No, madam, you have never been successfully posed; none of these pictures does you justice, Plain Lady-I do not want justice, sir: I want merey - Swith & Gray's Morthiy.

At the Club.

Commodore Naylor-Where's Bob this

Throckmorton-He told me that a circumstance over which he bad no control would prevent his being with us to-C. N .- Probably he meant his wife .-Smith & Gray's Monthly.

George-Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says, "Come home immediately."

George (rushing into his suburban what he chose, as he chose, over his nome home, one hour later)-Tell me quick, Young wife-The baby said "Ma'ma."

> Father-Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)-Have we get to

-Chicago Tribune.

Not Entirely Sure.

Allowed to Vote. Election Inspector (severely)-Sir, have you ever read the constitution of the United States? Naturalized Citizen-No. Have you? Election Inspector-N-o.-New York

Her Opportunity. Attentions fast on he are present.

His business instincts served him well FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL."

Astounding. Jinks-I was simply astounded at a doctor's bill the other day.

Filkins-You needn't have been; ther usually run up into the thousands. Jinks-Yes; but this one amounted to

Free from Debt. Young Inswim-Well, sir, I begin the ew year entirely out of debt. Young De Trop-You don't say so!

"Yes, sir! Of course I had to borrow Circumstantial Evidence. He-You didn't know I was color

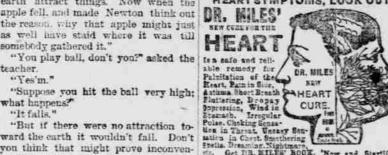
blind, did you? She-I suspected it from the neckties you wear - Clothter and Furnisher.

SO HAPPY.

3 Bottles of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the hand full. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S.S.S.-O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

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\$5.00 Police Sheet Farmers, Railroad Men \$5.00 to \$2.00.

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\$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at \$2.50 med \$2.00 working those who want a shoe for comfort and writee.

\$2.5 nad \$2.00 Workingmun's shoes have given them a trial will wear no other make.

\$2.50 fine the first of the working those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

\$2.50 fine the first of the wear worker, they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show. on their merits, as the increasing sales show:

Ladies \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoe best
burnoted shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$0.00.

Burnoted shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$0.00.

Burnoted shoes for \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for ses are the best fine Dougota. Stylish and durab nution. See that W. L. Douglas' name a ce are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. FF TAKE NO SEBSTITUTE. AT seat on local advectical dealers. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Soid by

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Ve make more porous plasters than all other makers in this country combined, because the public appreciate the mer tit that exists in our goods. BENSON 8 is the only medicinal plaster for household use, all others being weak initations. Get the Genuine.









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advice and assistance to and you in preparing it yourself. We will have the advertisement set in type and
procure illustrations if any are needed. When a satisfactory advertisement has been produced we will furnish proofs and an
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Whene'er I dare too woo her now She growns that I should so amov her, And then proclaims, with forty brow, Her mission is to be a lawyer. Life glides no more on golden wings, A sunny walf from El Dorado; I've learned how true the poet sings,

That coming surrow casts its standow.

When tutti fruiti lost its spell,
I telt some hidden grief impended When she declined a carame I knew my rosy dream had ends

She paints no more on china plaquos With tints that would have crosed Murillo. Strange birds that never plumed their backs When Father Noah braved the billow. Her fancy limns, with brighter brush, ndid triumphe that await her, When, in the court,

Gives homings to the keen debater. Tis sad to meet such crushing noes From eyes as blue as Scottish hea Tis sad a maid with checks of rose Should have her heart bound up in leather. This said to keep one's passion pent.
Though Pallas' arms the fair environ;
But worse to have her quoting Knot
When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law Her fame, be sure, will live forever, No barrister will pick a flaw In logic so extremely clever. The sheriff will forget his nap

To feast upon the lovely vision, And e'en the judge will set his cap At her and dream of love Elysian Cnique. "I have a unique thing in the book line," said the poet.

"So I have heard," returned the cynic. "The complete first edition of your own book, is it not? - Brooklyn Life. Sound Advice. Mr. Neer-What ought we to do, doctor, as a community in order to-er-to

meet the grip? Dr. Blunt-Don't meet it, my dear sir; avoid it.-Chicago Tribune. A Stendy Thing. Sound is said to travel over 700 miles an hour, yet we have known the sound

of a cat yawping on the back fence to remain right in one spot for five maddening hours. - Boston Courier.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. MISSOURI :: PACIFIC

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